

RS. AS FOR ACIDLY ILL

Prostrated at Her Newport Residence, and Society Friends Are Worrying About Her.

(Special to The Evening World.)
NEWPORT, Sept. 15.—Although inquirers at Beechwood are informed that Mrs. William Astor is improving, there are grave rumors abroad concerning the state of her health. It is persistently said that her condition is most serious, and that her visit to Newport after she was stricken last week in Boston has failed to give her any relief.

It was believed that the cool weather of the last few days would result in improvement in Mrs. Astor's health. She spent a restless night and is unable to leave her room to-day.

No one is allowed to see her but her doctors and nurses.
Col. John Jacob Astor is on his way from Europe to see his mother. He was summoned by cable. The message told him that the leader of society was a very sick woman.

GIRL SCOOPED AT SEA AS THREE FRIENDS DROWN

(Continued from First Page.)

side, and she wasn't thrown in from the deck of some passing craft. The fact that the woman was hysterical to give any account whatever of her fate.

Then Told Her Story.
She was taken to the tug, where the crew treated her with the respect and care due to a woman apparently dragged up from the depths of the sea. Finally she was able to give her name and address and tell something of the experience she had been through.

She said that just before the scow struck the launch she jumped overboard with the intention of diving under the scow. She feared that she would be crushed in the collision and being an expert swimmer, figured that those on the tug or one of the scows would see the accident and endeavor to pick up the survivors.

The last she remembered was being caught in a powerful whirl far under the water. She believed that she had been floating around in the ocean until picked up by the tug. Her own deafening heart at last came to the belief that she had entered the scow by way of the bottom, incredible as it might seem.

As the girl did not seem to be in any danger of death and was hysterically demanding to be taken home, the captain of the tug decided to take her to Harlem. He landed her at the foot of West One Hundred and Twenty-third street. A telephone message was sent from the scow and Miss Day was taken to her home at No. 342 St. Nicholas avenue, where she lives with her mother and Miss Cooke.

The arrival of Miss Day created a tremendous sensation. Her mother had been running frantically around the neighborhood after news of the two young women who had been out all night. Then the reporters had descended in a drove and the scow was taken to the launch and it was generally supposed that Fannie Day had been drowned.

Her Mother Overcome.
The mother was not at home when Miss Day arrived in the cab, but came a few moments later. She was completely overcome when she found that her daughter was safe. Miss Day, believing that she had been drowned, broke down completely as soon as she got into the house. With the aid of neighbors her mother put her to bed and called a doctor.

She said that she, Miss Cooke, a Mr. Dodd and two other women and three other men whose names she did not know, had put out from Sheephead Bay in a launch to go to a houseboat. They were swept out to sea and run down by a scow, she could tell nothing of what happened after she.

The captain of the tug Julia C. Moran reported the adventure to the police of the Harbor Squad after having landed Miss Day. This story was so remarkable that the Police Department sent out the longest "slip" concerning it that ever was received at Headquarters.

Miss Cooke and Miss Day have been employed in the military department of a big Fifth Avenue store. They are strikingly beautiful girls, and have been inseparable companions all summer. Miss Cooke fainted away when told by an Evening World reporter at St. Nicholas Avenue that Miss Day had been saved.

MABEL COOKE'S THRILLING STORY
While Mabel Cooke was still ignorant of the rescue of her chum, Fannie Day, she told this story to a reporter for The Evening World.

"My name is Mabel Cooke," she said to an Evening World reporter, "and I lived with my chum, Fannie Day, at No. 342 St. Nicholas Avenue, in Harlem."

SEE STORY AND VOTE ON PAGE 5 TO-DAY.

VOTE FOR YOUR CHOICE FOR DISTRICT LEADER.

In order to canvass the strength of the candidates running for district leaderships in the Greater City The Evening World will record each vote on the ballot printed herewith. There is no condition implied. Every ballot will be counted for the candidate whose name is written or stamped upon it.

BALLOT FOR DISTRICT LEADER.

I vote for.....
for leader of the.....
Assembly District, Borough.....
Mail to EVENING WORLD PRIMARY EDITOR,
P. O. Box 1354, New York City.

STRAW HATS GONE; NOW FOR JANITOR.

Soon the Sizzling Sausage Will Take the Place of Three-Colored Ice Cream.

To-day men quit wearing straw hats and janitors begin. Students of course and effect find an affinity in this. The many lagging days the straw hat has been showing plain and ever plainer the rigors of a trying climate. Its erstwhile trim and swaggy brim has lolled and drooped like the shore edges of a cold butter-cake. Its once shining roofs have taken unto themselves a sere and yellow tinge prophetic of that time, now so near at hand, when the country sausage shall sizzle in the same

LET THE LID COME OFF THE ORDER!

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